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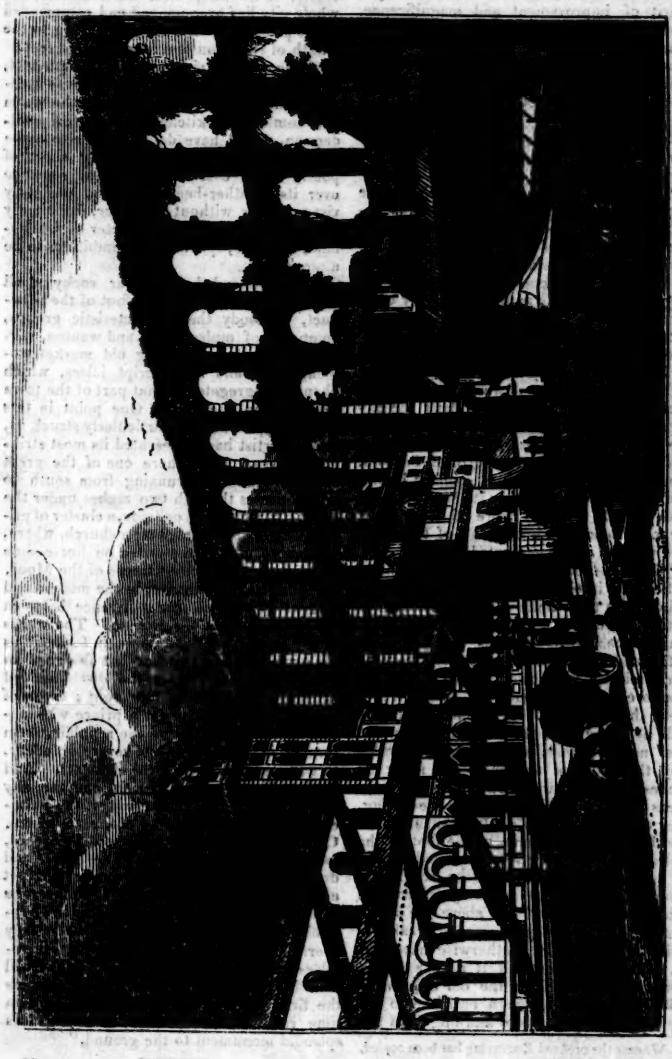

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"Strabo, who is at least as fanciful as he is philosophical, compares the whole peninsula to an ox-hide; and they who pursue the same thread of resemblance, have discovered that Segovia is very much like a ship. There is some foundation for the idea. Perched, like an ancient galley upon a vast rock, with its stern eastward, and its prow pointing towards the west, it occupies a low ridge between two hollows, and seems to be only waiting for sufficient water to right itself and float down the valley. In each of the deep ravines that flank the city there is a stream; in one the Erasmas, in the other the Clamores, which have their confluence a little to the north of Segovia. The former river, which is spanned by five handsome bridges, and has its banks clothed with wood, formerly bore the name of Arava, whence the inhabitants of these valleys were of old denominated Arevaic.

"There is some excuse for one's running, at Segovia, into an antiquarian channel, its chief claim to be noticed by a traveller consisting in that rare relic of the old world, which enables its citizens to enjoy their coffee and lemonade, without every morning performing a pilgrimage to the Erasma or Clamore for wherewith to make it:—I mean the Aqueduct. It commences in the hills near the road from St. Ildefonso, and runs nearly parallel with it a considerable way through the suburbs. At first, the arches are, of course, low; but as it proceeds farther and farther from the spring, they assume gradually a loftier span, till, in the Plaza del Azogueio, at the foot of the walls, they tower to above one hundred feet in height. Here, indeed, the architect's admirable taste suggested the propriety of a double tier of arches, one above the other, to obviate even the appearance of weakness which the work might otherwise have put on. And how beautiful it now appears, more particularly from the old cross near the bridge at the northern entrance to the city, while the shadows of morning from the old tower and cypress-crested hill on the east, wrap the bases of the piers in shadow, and give them the look of springing up out of the water, or the mists of a mirage. Just peeping above its summit, we discover the spires of the churches, while, excepting one cluster of dwellings near the reservoir, the whole city lies overspanned and commanded by its proud line of arches, extending to the length of two thousand four hundred feet.

"The country, visible above the aqueduct, over which, as we gazed, the wind was wafting slight volumes of smoke from the warm and comfortable kitchen of a Segovian alderman, would have defied Claude to make a landscape out of it. Nothing short of poetry could cast the mantle of romance over its weather-beaten, brown, unsightly visage; lofty without grandeur, sufficiently undulating to lose the character of a tableland, too wide, sprawling, unambitious to be a mountain.

"We descended from our rocky stroll among the hill-sides to the foot of the aqueduct, to study the characteristic groups, composed of mules, sleek and wanton, ragged Spaniards, chattering old market-women, boys, and nondescript idlers, which chance congregates in that part of the town every day in the year. One point in this long sweep of beauty particularly struck us, and the artist has represented its most striking phases. It is where one of the great streets of Segovia, running from south to north, passes through two arches under the aqueduct, and has on one side, a cluster of private dwellings, on the other a church, where, in a short piazza supported on horse-shoe arches, we see manifest traces of the Moor.

"It is easy to perceive, in the modern and ancient structures, the difference between the Spaniard and the Roman. The works of the former, frail and uncouth, fantastic as his own character, appear but designed to house for a brief space the dwarf-minded subjects of a tottering monarchy; those of the latter, erected under a prince who appeared but the chief of the republic, seem formed, in their simple and severe grandeur, to wrestle for ever with the elements. And should the aqueduct perish, and the city along with it, for lack of water, the municipal government will be alone to blame. Creeping plants, climbing about its arches, twining themselves about the piers, and drooping beautifully from the moist parapet above, improve, no doubt, the picturesque features of this remnant of the taste of republican Rome, but they injure while they adorn. For the roots, insinuating themselves between the stones, whither they will be followed by air and moisture, introduce the first principles of decay, and if not in time removed, will end by bringing this splendid monument to the ground."

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LR. 7.68 - 729.

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Nor labour through the storms of life;
Thy heart was in too warm a mould,
To mingle with the dull and cold,
And every thought that wrong'd thy truth
Fell like a blight upon thy youth.
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The annals of departed genius present us with nothing more touchingly beautiful, or calculated to call forth affectionate pity and admiration, than the memory of those early-translated ones, whose rare endowments have blossomed but to fade,—whose rich morning promise, had been long ere noon shadowed over by the chilly clouds foreboding early death. The bright and pure dawn of such a mind is like a faint emanation from the Divine Perfection, suffered for a little while to have its dwelling amongst us, astonishing and delighting with rays from the great Fount of Intelligence, but scarcely advancing many steps into the cold wilderness of this "hard and unholy earth," before, with intuitive prescience, it discerns the hollow emptiness of this world's gauds, and with the voice of a seraph sings of high hopes and anticipations, stretching far beyond the narrow bounds of time. As if disgusted with this cold, ungenial region, it early seeks that "better land," where kindred spirits are:—henceforth the beautiful memory of genius passed away, which, like the unearthly beauty of the pale stars, shines far above the dull vapours of this weary world.

And such a memory is that of H. K. White, whose prematurely reflective genius discovered that "all is vanity," long before to ordinary minds the gloss of the tinsel had begun to wear off; and who was mercifully withdrawn from a scene where the fine texture of his mind would have suffered continually from contact with the vexing cares and wearing contentions of life. The sweet and plaintive tones of his lyre scarcely excited attention before they were silenced by death. The finely wrought susceptibility of his temperament rendered him painfully unfit to struggle with the difficulties which early beset his path: he was feelingly alive to each fine impulse," with keener sense of pleasure or pain than falls to the lot of the many, who, in the happy possession of strength and insensibility of mind, jostle and elbow their way through the crowded highway of life; thank heaven "they have no fanciful enthusiasm," but pass placidly by events that would wound the sensitive spirit to the very nerve:—and happy is it for the present state of society that such minds abound, fitted as they are for the wear and tear, the rough realities of life's journey.

H. K. White, with mind of "God's best earthly mould," from the early dawnings of reason, displayed an ardent thirst after knowledge; his very thoughts in childhood being fraught with lofty aspirations after all things good and great—being full, as he said, of "projects and strange thoughts, and confiding them to no one." How unceasing was his vigilance in the pursuit of every noble attainment, stimulated by each acquisition to the pursuit of more. "Alps on Alps arose;" the soaring mind overwrought its narrow tenement of clay, and gladly escaped from so confined and ungenial an abode. Who can read of the struggles of this gentle being with poverty and life-consuming care, without painful pity and astonishment at the Christian philosophy of one so young in years?—"Make me," he writes, "an outcast, a beggar,—place me a barefooted pilgrim on the top of the Alps or Pyrenees, and I should have wherewith to sustain the spirit within me, in the reflection that all this was but for a moment—that a period would come, when wrong, and injury, and trouble, would be no more."—"Are even the followers of Christ themselves to be infected with the childish desire of heaping up wealth?" These were the sentiments of a youth of nineteen, born in a lowly station of society, and early destined for a menial employment. The exertions of discerning friends, and particularly the fostering protection of Mr. Southey, encouraged Henry to publish a volume of poems in 1803, after he had been released from the ungenial employment of an hosier's apprentice, to be a clerk in an attorney's office. The book of poems proved a source of bitter anxiety; the unfavourable critique in the *Monthly Review* cruelly lacerated his feelings:—"This review goes before me wherever I turn my steps, and is, I verily believe, an instrument in the hands of Satan to drive me to destruction." The editor, in a subsequent number, endeavoured to make the *amende* for his rash and cruel judgment; but the hour was come when the soul of the young poet had learned to view the things of time through a less passionate medium—the echoes of worldly applause were waxing faint on his ear, and shrunk in importance to the eye fixed on eternal things.

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returned to that study whose spirit formed the very texture of his mind:—

"Sorceress!
I cannot burst thy bonds. It is but lift
Thy blue eyes to the deep-bespangled vault,—
Wreathe thy enchanted tresses round thine arm,
And mutter some obscure and charmed rhyme,
And I could follow thee—."

The insidious approach of that "most treacherous of Death's craving brood," — consumption, retarded his otherwise rapid ascent up "the hill where Fame's proud temple shone afar." A prophetic feeling of early death seems to pervade all his writings. "Life, with all its bitters, is a draught soon drunk; and though we have many changes to fear on this side the grave, beyond it we know of none." The conviction that our abode on earth is but the "dim dawn and twilight of our day," the "vestibule" through which we pass to endless being, was continually present to his mind; and his most perfect effusions are those which treat of the fleeting nature of things earthly, like the song of a spirit sublimed from earthly dross, and about to take its flight through the ethereal vast of eternity.

The poem on Time contains a mournful prophecy on what the young poet supposed might be dimly seen through the mist of coming years:—

"Where now is Britain? where her laurelled names?
Her palaces and halls dashed in the dust—
Some second Vandal hath reduced her pride,
And with one big recoil hath thrown her back
To primitive barbarity."

Again—

"Through her depopulated vales, the scream
Of bloody superstition hollow rings.
* * * O'er her marts,
Her crowded ports, broods silence; and the cry
Of the low curlew, and the pensive dash
Of distant billows breaks along the void:
Even as the savage sits upon the stone,
That marks where stood her Capitols, and hears
The bittern booming in the woods, he shrinks
From the dismaying solitude. Her bards
Sing in a language that hath perished;
And their wild harps suspended o'er their graves
Sigh to the desert winds a dying strain."

How exquisitely does he moralize on the fallen pride of empires passed away!—

"Where is Rome?
She lives but in the tale of other times;
Her proud pavilions are the hermit's home,
And her long colonnades, her public walks,
Now faintly echo to the pilgrim's feet,
Who comes to muse in solitude, and trace,
Through the rank moss reveal'd, her honour'd dust.
But not to Rome alone has fate confined
The doom of ruin: cities numberless,
Tyre, Sidon, Carthage, Babylon, and Troy,
And rich Phœnicia—they are blotted out,
Half-razed from memory, and their very name
And *being* in dispute.
Earthly things
Are but the transient pageants of an hour,
And earthly pride is like the passing flower,
That springs to fall and blossoms but to die.
* * * * *
Oh! who can strive
To comprehend the vast and awful truth
Of the *eternity that hath gone by*,
And not recoil from the dismaying sense
Of human impotence? The life of man
Is summ'd in birthdays and in sepulchres:
But the Eternal God had no beginning;
He hath no end."

Surely, no farewell did poet ever breathe over the dying notes of his lyre more fraught with plaintive beauty than are the closing lines of his *Christiad*:—

"And must the harp of Judah sleep again?
Shall I no more reanimate the lay?
Oh, Thou who visitest the sons of men!
Thou who dost listen when the humble pray!
One little space prolong my mournful day;—
One little lapse suspend thy last decree:
I am a youthful traveller in the way,
And this slight boon would consecrate to Thee,
Ere I with death shake hands, and smile that I am free."

Oblivion has not—will not gather round the music of this "simple lyre;" for long as pure and holy thoughts, embodied in the language of genuine poetry shall be valued, so long will the poems of H. K. White find readers among those who can be soothed and elevated by strains—

"That make all mirth seem turbulence unholy,
When with the charm compared of their soft melancholy."

ANNE R.

COLERIDGE.

(To the Editor.)

I HEAR that Dr. Gilman, the long-tried friend and admirer of the late Mr. Coleridge, is preparing the memoirs of his life. Such an undertaking cannot be in better hands, and it will, no doubt, contain a faithful portrait of the renowned metaphysician, scholar, and poet. Few men in early life, had their days more severely checkered than this ardent follower of literary pursuits; and for the last few years of it, he was little better than a sickly recluse, incapable of putting a finishing hand to those various effusions of his intellect, which lay like a rich ungathered harvest, ready to reward the labours of the husbandman; but who, from some unpropitious, adverse interference of the elements, is prevented from gathering its ripe produce into his garner.

My principal motive for troubling you with this notice arises from my having lit upon a printed Prospectus of a work contemplated by Coleridge, during the time that he was student in the quiet domain of Jesus College, Cambridge; and, as I have every reason to believe, its publication never took place, I conclude that Coleridge met with the same repulsive chill in his attempts to obtain public patronage to the work in question, as two former legitimate sons of the muses, Collins and Warton, did, in their joint efforts to obtain subscribers to a small volume of poetry they had in contemplation; and that, therefore, these blooming flowers of Coleridge's projected erudition, were never brought before the public.

The following is a copy of the Prospectus, which is printed on a sheet of quarto post:

ENORT.

Proposals
For publishing by Subscription
Imitations from the modern Latin Poets;
with a
Critical and Biographical Essay
on the
Restoration of Literature:
by S. T Coleridge,
of Jesus College, Cambridge.

This work will consist of two volumes, large octavo, elegantly printed on superfine paper. Price to Subscribers 14s. in boards, to be paid for on delivery.

DESIGN.

At the restoration of Literature, the barbarous state of modern languages, and the imperfect diffusion of knowledge, determined the most celebrated writers of that Æra, to compose principally in the Latin language; and in later times many of our greatest poets have made it the vehicle of their earliest effusions. It is the design of the proposed publication to collect the most elegant of these compositions, to exhibit them in a neat and correct form, and to render them interesting to the English reader by annexed imitations. Of the poems selected, many have been long known and admired by the classical reader; many of them, however, of equal merit, scattered among the heavy collections of Gruter and others, seem to have escaped the notice even of the learned.

In the course of the work will be introduced a copious selection from the Lyrics of Casimir, and a new translation of the Basia of Secundus.

These volumes will be ready for delivery shortly after the next Christmas. S. T. C.

Cambridge, June 10, 1794.

The Sketch-Book.

OWEN BIERLAW.—A TALE.

SOME few years since, I had occasion, on the part of the firm by which I was employed, to make search after no less and important a personage than a lost legatee. His property was valuable, and collateral heirs were numerous; but, strange to say, no one could furnish a clue to the right owner. Advertisements were published "as the law directs," but without effect: the falling in of the property was evidently unexpected. At last, however, I fancied I could discover some traces of my man: so, leaving town by an early coach, towards the evening of a fine summer day, I arrived at the village of ———, in Worcestershire.

Having received very unsatisfactory replies to my inquiries of the people of the inn where I stopped, I dined; and then, my messenger not having returned, I left the table, and, throwing open a window, looked out into the road, through a row of carefully nurtured geraniums, of perfumed leaf and brilliant flower. A few scattered cottages stood opposite, with their gardens, and a running stream between them and the road; and these were backed at a short distance by the slope of a verdant hill, at the base of which curved the little town. It was growing dusk. The village tasks were done. A group of men were assembled within a short distance, at the door of one who, as I thought, might be the patriarch of the place; they were talking in a subdued, tranquil tone: the simple history of their occupations had still their charms for the old man, or his advice might be valuable; either supposition was agreeable. As each labouring man stalked in, from perhaps some distant employment, he would stop, and interchange the news of the day. Cottage doors began to look cheerful, as their tenants returned home, and threw them open. Children were children once more; for a short hour they had ceased to be labourers, and seemed happy, as if all the work of the world were done, and the rest were holiday. Forgetting that toil is the lot of all, and that the task of those around him was but suspended, the half-spent way-farer through the village seemed but the more cast down as he past from among its assembling and loitering inhabitants, and left behind him door after door, each of which appeared to offer repose and welcome to all but one,—and that one, himself.

A light, covered wagon, decorated with green boughs and ribbons, next came swinging gaily along the road, drawn at a brisk trot by four long-maned, long-tailed horses, and urged onward by a sturdy young driver and two confederates; the activity that his thong might have, failed to endue the lazy cattle withal, so they essayed the novel arguments of reason and pleasantry to produce,—laughing and talking to them as if the creatures were hale fellows in the day's amusement. This dusty, gay, broken-down, excellent conveyance stopped at the door; and, from the conversation that ensued from all quarters of the same, I found that a large party was under cover, and that they had all been to some distant fair. Pleasant to hear was the raillery that passed between the visitors to this merry-making and those who had stopped at home; and still pleasanter to see were the pretty faces that peeped out here and there from under cover:—"*belles, fraîches, souriant d'aise à cette vie amère.*" One beautiful girl, indeed, appeared the queen of the whole, and to govern but too many of the youths about her, by that yoke which indeed "is most tolerable and not to be endured." Could I be surprised at it? her laugh rang out like music, in the quiet scene around. Often during the day, had I fixed on some poverty-stricken object as the one upon whom I should wish the little fortune I was the bearer of to fall: but now, such is the tendency of man to heap joy upon the joyous, I almost prayed that to her or hers might belong the property.

These happy holiday-makers passed on their way, singing, and were soon out of sight. The evening had become grey—the stragglers retired to their roofs and their

brown bread; and the very last young girl had come in with her water-pails from the distant spring. The silence became intense; the voices of the men opposite seemed loud and obtrusive, and, when they paused, I could even distinguish the "babbling" of the little brook at their feet. What did I come to do in this peaceful scene?—to bring happiness, or its reverse? to drive content from some humble roof and leave anxious superfluity in its place;—or, perhaps, to furnish, with the world's passport, some restless spirit, that fretted in the tranquillity of the field and the wood, as if caged in some lonesome dungeon.

These were natural reflections, under the circumstances; but I could not have been long engaged in this manner, when the mistress of the inn came into the room, introducing an elderly man,—as he appeared to me, a clergyman. She begged my excuse for the intrusion, having, she said, some particular inquiries to make, and no other room to ask the gentleman into. Bowing, I turned away: but the smallness of the apartment did not enable me to escape hearing the conversation.

The woman began by asking her companion how he had found the sick man.

"As bad almost as can be, Mrs. Jonson," he replied; "and the evil is, that his mind leaves him no repose: his sickness is aided by miserable reflection.—But, my good lady, why put the poor old man in that uncomfortable garret?—indeed, indeed, that was not like you!"

"You may wonder, indeed, sir!" replied Mrs. Jonson, "but *that* is not the room into which we took the old creature when he was taken ill so suddenly—he was placed in our best bed. But if you had been by, sir, to hear his anger and his raving when he recovered himself a little, and all because he thought we intended to make him pay for the room, you would have done as we did, to quiet him: we moved him up stairs. And if what I hear is true, his accommodation now is better than he allows himself at home."

"It is very likely," rejoined the clergyman, after a pause, "now I reflect on his character. There is a strange circumstance connected with his history, which he confided to me in what appear to be his dying fears. We have all known him for some years as a reputed miser—as one living in solitude and poverty, when, as was suspected, his means were far superior to his mode of life. It was so. Our neighbours were for once in the right. He is comparatively rich. But the worst part of his character is this: his real name is not that by which he is known in the village: this last he took, (and even now he is almost proud of the shameful ingenuity,) to prevent his friends and poor relations from discovering his residence, and importuning him with their wants." The speaker paused, and then went on, in an under tone. "Imagine a man thus burying himself in solitude for the pitiful privilege of hugging his unused gold in fancied security—thus bartering the world, and every social and human tie, for a mere dream!"

"And what then is his real name, sir?"

"Owen Bierlaw."

Owen Bierlaw! could I be mistaken?—the name interested me especially, for this creature, then, was the man whom I was seeking.—After a few words of preface, I explained to the worthy clergyman my business with his penitent; and was not surprised to find him at first unwilling that the former should any more be disturbed with worldly affairs.—A few words with respect to the necessity of the dying man bequeathing the property, and the justice due to perhaps needy relatives, obliged Mr. ——— to see the case in the same light with myself; and it was finally settled that I should visit the object of our mutual concern immediately. Mr. ——— then took his leave, without replying to the compliments of the landlady on the alacrity which he had shown in attending the bed-side of the poor sinner. He looked grave, and indeed uneasy at her observations. Perhaps he felt that the last hours of this life were not the fittest time for his first interview with one of his charge, who had erred so deeply.

I was presently brought into an upper room of the inn, which was indeed an unlikely place for sickness to find comfort or repose. It was a garret, and the stairs, or rather ladder, by which we ascended, creaked as if it would have given way at every step. The room itself seemed to be ordinarily used as a store-room. Herbs were suspended and drying from the rafters, rustling and almost swinging under the effect of the wind that worked itself in from a hundred dilapidated corners: old furniture was piled up in confusion in the gloomy recesses; children's playthings were strewed about; and a cradle stood at one side of the low pallet upon which, from a slight heaving of a dirty, patched coverlid, I supposed the dying man to be stretched.

He was alone in the room.

I was in no hurry to disturb the sufferer, thinking that perhaps he slept. All was quiet in the house, except that in an adjoining room there was a rattling, as if a child were rolling a penny on the floor.

But no rest was there. Raising his head, as Mrs. Jonson approached the bed, the sick man desired, in an angry tone, that "that money" might be taken from the child, for he could not bear the noise. Then, seeing me, he threw himself back, crying out upon the sin of bringing "another doctor" to bleed

his purse. "But he'll get nothing from me!" muttered the poor creature.

Pale and haggard indeed as was his face; the outline of strongly marked features was but the more apparent, in sad contrast with the death-like hue of the skin that seemed drawn over them to a painful degree of tension, and the glazed eye, the object of whose slow but restless glances it was even impossible to guess at.

My conviction that this misery was of his own storing up, was but little comfort under the idea of a human being thus dying unfriended, and so little cared for, among strangers. I sat down at the foot of the bed, without power to open the affair that had brought me to the spot.

"What does *he* want?" said Bierlaw to Mrs. Jonson.

"The gentleman has some important business to tell of. Now don't flurry thee about it, and get thee ill again. Ah! there —I thought how it would be!—but you must have your own way, I suppose. Well, I shall leave thee alone with the gentleman." And the good woman left the room, telling me that she would be within hearing, if I should want her.

Aroused by the word "business," the old man had arisen on his arm, and now sat upright in his bed, gazing towards me with intense anxiety; and not without some politeness in his manner, he again inquired my object. It was soon explained to him, after I had made certain that he was the right person. The effect made by my intelligence was extraordinary: after I had mentioned the legacy, illness seemed to have cast loose her bonds upon his frame; his eyes regained somewhat more expression; he took my hand and pressed it with extraordinary power, calling out that my news had recovered him quite—he was another man—he had been dreaming—he was not ill—they would have pushed him out of the world before his time. "But God," said he, "has not sent me riches, to take me from them all at once!—No, no, no! he *will* let me live to enjoy my money. I can now afford to have friends about me;—my dear sir, you will be one,—will you not?" and then pausing, he continued, with a doubtful laugh: "Did you ever know a dying man have so much strength left—eh?—and they must needs call in a parson to me, too,—ah, ah!—Stay for me till to-morrow, and I will go with you to London. I shall be strong enough for anything by that time." And so saying, he would have sprung from his bed, but I held him, and he gradually sank back, gasping for breath, upon his pillow.

Here a sense of his unhappy state seemed to have taken possession of his mind; he lay subdued for some time, but a change had come over him, and his next exertion was to call down curses upon myself and those who employed me.

"What —— trickery is this! the money had been mine for years, and now you come —you come to tell me of it when I am dying."

I endeavoured to soothe him by saying how long and how fruitless had been our exertions to discover the owner.

"It is a lie! Where is the money?—Ah, I could be sworn you had not got it!—I am cheated by swindlers: left to die in poverty, while you and your villainous employers are rioting in my property—*my* gold, I say! Oh, this is dreadful—to die now—to leave what would make me happy. I have sought for gold, and now it may gild my coffin.....But why should it be so yet? I am happy now —I have no more cares. What I have promised myself always, has come at last. I *was* expiring under the miseries of poverty and privations, but it is different now. I would enjoy myself—reconcile my friends—have my comforts—and cherish my old age. Have I not been as ill before?—Yes! I will live—because *you* think that I am dying. I will live to enjoy my own. You are deceived, sir—you should not have told me yet —another day, perhaps, and your *honesty* would have been rewarded!"

"Recollect and calm yourself," I replied. "Living as you did, under an assumed name, how could we suppose that a poor cottager in the town of ——— was the representative of the rich Mr. Bierlaw?"

"Rich—rich!—it is false; I never was rich. I never was a shilling beforehand with the world!"

"But the secrecy which you have evidently sought—"

"My curse be upon them who forced me to it! Poor man as I was, you see in me the butt of everybody's solicitations. While I lived in the world, my purse was never my own. I never could refuse the entreaty of want, real or affected: so I came down here for peace, and before my little means were all begged from me." He paused for breath; and I pondered with amazement on the false and glowing colours in which the speaker decked out and would have hidden from himself his weakness or his vice. "Yes!" he continued, "I escaped them all. I came down here, and nobody ever found me,—ah, ha, ha!—But, oh!" recovering his original train of thought, "it is owing to them, then, that I ran away from my fortune. Two years have I been rich, without knowing it; and it is but little more than that time since —since—but we will not talk of it:—how cruel it was to force me to the alternative!—But stay,—let me see my securities."

I laid the papers before him, and held near the miserable light left us in the room; but his eye could no longer distinguish even

these precious writings. He motioned me to read them over. I obeyed. He appeared attentive, but unhappy indeed, as one sum after another of his idol seemed to offer itself, and then faded away from his dying grasp. I had not read long, before it became evident that his mind was wandering. A previous anxiety had taken possession of his faculties. He seemed to fancy himself in his own hovel, and bound by thieves, who were discovering all his scattered treasures. In his delirium, he betrayed, no doubt, the real state of the case. Now the torn carpeting was searched, and not in vain; now the wardrobe; stones were removed in the hearth, and an old picture was rifled of its lining of gold coin and notes.—His struggles, his entreaties, prayers, and imprecations, became indeed terrible. To this dream succeeded another: he was conscious of lying ill in a strange place, and that his own house was left unguarded; and perspiration even dropped from his parched-up brow as he faltered over the possible dangers of the night. I was to go and keep watch—not that there was anything worth stealing—no, he was a poor man,—but in case anybody should come, and want a night's hospitality! Thus are even our hallucinations not without their hypocrisy.

But this scene drew towards its close—the fever of the day, and the more lengthened one of life, were doomed only to expire together.

Overcome by melancholy, I left the bedside and looked out upon the night. It was a warm evening, and the lattice was left open at the request of the sick man. The moon was rising above the hill opposite, silvering the topmost branches of the young trees, as their leaves fluttered in the breeze. No light was burning in the village: and, influenced by the feeling of the hour, I could only fancy that the little, dark huts scattered below were the solemn abodes of the dead; while a nightingale, close at hand, seemed, with her impressive song, to be but a fitting mourner over the scene.

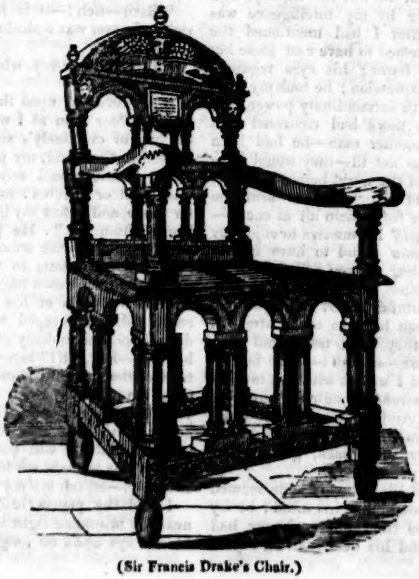
This was fancy: but, during the few minutes I had passed in its indulgence, a sad reality had occurred. When I again turned towards the miserable pallet of the sick—Owen Bierlaw was no more. T. R.

Anecdote Gallery.

SIR FRANCIS DRAKE'S CHAIR.

(*From the Nautical Magazine, No.* 42.)

After Sir Francis Drake's return from his voyage round the world, he brought his ship to Deptford, where he had the honour of entertaining Queen Elizabeth on board it. The vessel was laid up for years in that place, and was the object of curiosity to many who went there on purpose to visit it. When the timbers, in the course of time became decayed, John Davis, Esq., selected some of



(Sir Francis Drake's Chair.)

the planks, out of which he had a chair constructed.* Pepys, in his *Diary*,† speaks of this gentleman, for, in mentioning a visit to Deptford, (July 2, 1662,) he says, "We went into the storehouse, and viewed first the provisions there, and then his books (but Mr. Davis himself was not there)." It is probable that he kept this piece of furniture for a certain time in his own possession, for we find in Cowley's works an ode which he describes as written while "sitting and drinking in the chair made out of the reliques of Sir Francis Drake's ship." Mr. Davis, however, gave it afterwards to the University of Oxford, and it is still preserved in the picture-gallery belonging to the Bodleian library. Several prints have been published of it; but as we have met with none that gives a sufficiently accurate representation of this interesting piece of antiquity, we have had a new drawing taken, from which the annexed engraving was copied.

The oak, from which the chair was made, has become black from age; the form and ornamental parts, which are cut in relief, will be better understood from the representation than from any written description: it will only be necessary, therefore, to give the inscriptions. These have been cut on plates of steel, which is now beginning to be corroded by exposure to the air, so that the lines are in some parts nearly lost; it seems, therefore, the more desirable to preserve a record of them while the writing can yet in general be made out.

On the top of the back, under the head of the cherub, is a plate with the following inscription—

Tellis Ex Reliquiis tabulatorum Navis Dracænæ Fabricatæ Et a Joanne Davisio Deptfordiensi Arm° Navalium armamentorum Custode Regio Bibliothecæ Oxoniensi dedicata 1662.

Insignia. { Auxilio Divino / F. Drake Equitis Aurati / Sic Parvis Magna / J.D. / Fidens & securus.‡

Against the name of Drake and the initials J. D. their coats of arms were added, but these are now nearly obliterated: and at the extreme lower angle of the scroll there is written "H. Peirse scul."

In the centre of the back of the chair is a steel plate, in the form of an heraldic shield, which hangs from a swivel, so that it may be turned for the convenience of the reader. On one side of it is inscribed—

Orbe pererrato, Solarisq. emula Currus
Quem valuit totum nascere digna Polo
Eligit hunc Portum sapiens, rerumque perita,
Formam induta novam Pythagoræa ratis.
Non poterat meritis tribui Navisque Dracique
Nobilius pretium nobiliorve Locus:
Nam sedet æterna compostus uterque Quiete
Et Dracus in Cœlo, Navis et Oxonii.

A. Cowley.
1663.

On the reverse of the plate are the same sentiments expressed in English.

To this great Ship which round the Globe has run
And match'd in Race the Chariot of the Sun,
This Pythagorean ship (for it may claime
Without presumption so deserv'd a Name
By knowledge once, and transformation now)
In her new shape this sacred Port allow.
Drake and his ship could not have wisht from Fate
A more blest Station or more blest Estate.
For, Lo! a seat of Endles Rest is giv'n,
To her in Oxford, & to him in Heav'n.

A. Cowley
1663.

These verses appear separately in the collections of Cowley's Latin and English poems, but without any distinct notice of the particular purpose to which they have been applied.

* Prince's Worthies of Devon, p. 240-1.

† Pepy's Memoirs, vol. I., p. 285.

‡ This, which appears to be the motto of Mr. Davis's arms, is hardly legible, especially the last word.

Spirit of the Annuals.

DRINKING SONG.

By a Member of a Temperance Society, as sung by Mr. Spring, at Watermen's Hall.

Come, pass round the pail, boys, and give it no quarter,
Drink deep, and drink oft, and replenish your jugs,
Fill up, and I'll give you a toast to your water—
The Turncock for ever! that opens the plugs!
Then hey for a bucket, a bucket, a bucket,
Then hey for a bucket, filled up to the brim!
Or, best of all notions, let's have it by oceans,
With plenty of room for a sink or a swim!

Let topers of grape-juice exultingly vapour,
But let us just whisper a word to the elves,
We water roads, horses, silks, ribands, bank-paper
Plants, poets, and muses, and why not ourselves?
Then hey for a bucket, &c.

The vintage they cry, think of Spain's and of France's,
The jigs, the boleros, fandangos, and jumps;
But water's the spring of all civilized dances,
We go to a ball not in bottles, but *pumps!*
Then hey for a bucket, &c.

Let others of Dorchester quaff at their pleasure,
Or honour old Menx with their thirsty regard,
We'll drink Adam's ale, and we get it *pool measure*,
Or quaff heavy wet from the butt in the yard!
Then hey for a bucket, &c.

Some flatter gin, brandy, and rum, on their merits,
Grog, punch, and what not, that enliven a feast:
'Tis true that they stir up the animal spirits,
But may not the animal turn out a beast?
Then hey for a bucket, &c.

The Man of the Ark, who continued our species,
He saved us by water,—but as for the wine,
We all know the figure, more sad than facetious,
He made after tasting the juice of the vine.
Then hey for a bucket, &c.

In wine let a lover remember his jewel
And pledge her in bumpers fill'd brimming and oft;
But we can distinguish the kind from the cruel,
And toast them in water, the hard or the soft.
Then hey for a bucket, &c.

Some cross'd in their passion can never be cured,
But take to a pistol, a knife, or a beam,
Whilst temperate swains are enabled to bear it
By help of a little meandering stream.
Then hey for a bucket, &c.

Should fortune diminish our cash's sum total,
Deranging our wits and our private affairs,
Though some in such cases would fly to the bottle,
There's nothing like water for drowning our cares.
Then hey for a bucket, &c.

See drinkers of water, their wits never lacking,
Direct as a railroad and smooth in their gaits;
But look at the bibbers of wine, they go tacking,
Like ships that have met a foul wind in the *straights*.
Then hey for a bucket, &c.

A fig then for Burgundy, Claret, or Mountain,
A few scanty *glasses* must limit your wish,
But he's the true toper that goes to the fountain,
The drinker that verily "drinks like a fish!"
Then hey for a bucket, &c.

Hood's Comic Annual.

CHRISTMAS BILLS.

(*Mrs. Figgins loquitur.*)

Merry Christmas and happy New Year!
Here's a bundle of "little accounts:"
And their bearers left word they'd be glad
If you'd settle their little amounts.
They've all got "large sums" to "make up,"
And cannot wait longer, they swear:
So I wish you the joys of the season—
Merry Christmas and happy New Year!

Here's the doctor's—a horrid long bill—
And he vows he's as badly as you;
For his patients wont pay him a groat,
And he's dying of Tick Doloreux.
But he says he's consulted a friend,
A lawyer that lives very near:
So I wish you the joys of the season—
Merry Christmas and happy New Year!

The surgeon's is not a whit less:
At its items I really shiver'd:
A hundred for Sally's confinement;
A hundred to "Bill delivered."
A hundred for mixtures and pills
(I think it's uncommonly dear):
But I wish you the joys of the season,
Merry Christmas and happy New Year!

The baker has brought you a roll
Which will take you a month to digest:
He looks most uncommonly crusty,
And says that, of all trades, he's blest
If a baker's is not the most *measly*;
And hints at John *Dough*; and I fear—
But I wish you the joys of the season,
Merry Christmas and happy New Year!

The poult'rer his "Game Bill" has brought:
This year's—and last year's in addition.
Twelve guineas for Black-cock alone,
Which I think is a *grouse* imposition.
Ten guineas for pheasants and hares!
And he charges his ven'son as *deer*.
But I wish you the joys of the season,
Merry Christmas and happy New Year!

Here's your butcher—the city M. P.—
Begs to "*ax* leave to bring in his *bill*."
It takes up six folio pages:
Good heavens! it's as long as a will.
He says times are quite out of *joint*;
And he *must* have the cash: so, my dear,
I wish you the joys of the season—
Merry Christmas and happy New Year!

Your grocer abuses you *grossly*,
Your hatter, and tailor *surtout*;
Your saddler's been going on sadly,
And your green-grocer looks very blue.
The brewer is down in the hall,
And won't stir till he's paid for his beer;
So I wish you the joys of the season—
Merry Christmas and happy New Year!

Then there's *my* little bill of two hundred
For laces and trimmings—but laws!
You won't grudge your poor rib a few ribbons;
Will you, duck?—and ten guineas for gauze.
And a hundred for bonnets and hats,
And my last di'mond set—such a dear!—
Kiss me, love! Oh! the joys of the season!
Merry Christmas and happy New Year!

And the ponies—my pet little Grey,
And Miss Slimlegs, and Giraffe, and Beauty:
(But you know, love, they're all under size,
And so don't pay a farthing of duty;)
The coach-hacks, *but* two hundred pounds:
(We don't drive our own tits—*that's* dear:)
So I wish you the joys of the season—
Merry Christmas and happy New Year!

And, oh, dear! here's a note from your steward!
He says your estate he's been round,
And examined your books and your papers,
And you can't pay a crown in the pound.
There's writs out against you by scores;
You're surrounded by tipstaves and bums:
So I wish you, my love, a good Christmas!
And a happy New Year—when it comes!

Comic Almanac.

New Books.

ACCOUNT OF THE LATE AERONAUTICAL VOYAGE FROM LONDON TO WEILBURG.

[This *brochure*, detailing the recent excursion in the Vauxhall Balloon from London to Weilburg, in the Grand Duchy of Nassau, is from the pen of Mr. Mouck Mason, who, with Mr. Robert Hollond, accompanied Mr. Green in this novel expedition. It extends to about threescore pages, which are so entertaining as to cause us to regret its brevity. We detach a few portions of the narrative, premising that the day of ascent was Monday, November 7, 1836. The reader will perceive that our extracts are not uniformly connected, but are made to embrace such of the details as have not already appeared in the newspapers.]

Night over Sea.

It was forty-eight minutes past four when the first line of waves breaking on the beach appeared beneath us, and we might be said to have fairly quitted the shores of our native soil, and entered upon the hitherto dreaded regions of the sea.

It would be impossible not to have been struck with the grandeur of the prospect at this particular moment of our voyage; the more especially as the approaching shades of night rendered it a matter of certainty that it would be the last in which earth would form a prominent feature, that we might expect to enjoy for a considerable lapse of time. Behind us, the whole line of English coast, its white cliffs melting into obscurity, appeared sparkling with the scattered lights, which every moment augmented, among which the lighthouse at Dover formed a conspicuous feature, and for a long time served as a beacon whereby to calculate the direction of our course. On either side below us, the interminable ocean spread its complicated tissue of waves without interruption or curtailment, except what arose from the impending darkness, and the limited extent of our own perceptions; on the opposite side a

dense barrier of clouds, rising from the ocean like a solid wall, fantastically surmounted, throughout its whole length, with a gigantic representation of parapets and turrets, batteries and bastions, and other features of mural fortifications, appeared as if designed to bar our further progress, and completely obstructed all view of the shores towards which we were now rapidly drawing nigh. In a few minutes after, we had entered within its dusky limits, and for awhile became involved in the double obscurity of the surrounding vapours, and of the gradual approach of night. Not a sound now reached our ears; the beating of the waves upon the British shores had already died away in silence, and from the ordinary effects of terrestrial agitation our present position had effectually excluded us.*

* * * *

The well-known lights of Calais and of the neighbouring shores were already glittering beneath us; the barrier of clouds which I have before mentioned as starting up so abruptly in our path as abruptly terminated; and the whole adjacent coast of France, variegated with lights, and ripe with all the nocturnal signs of population, burst at once upon our view. We had, in fact, crossed the sea; and, in the short space of about one hour, from the time we had quitted the shores of England, were floating tranquilly, though rapidly, above those of our Gallic neighbours.

It was exactly fifty minutes past five when we had thoroughly completed this *trajet;* the point at which we first crossed the French shore bearing distant about two miles to the westward of the main body of the lights of Calais, our altitude at the time being somewhat about three thousand feet above the level of the ocean. As it was now perfectly dark, we lowered a Bengal light, at the end of a long cord, in order to signify our presence to the inhabitants below; shortly after, we had the satisfaction to hear the beating of drums, but whether on our account, or merely in performance of the usual routine of military duty, we were not at the time exactly able to determine.

* I scarcely know whether it is an observation worthy of being committed to paper, that the sea, unless, perhaps, under circumstances of the most extraordinary agitation, does not in itself appear to be the parent of the slightest sound; unopposed by any material obstacle, an awful stillness seems to reign over its motions. Nor do I think, that even under any circumstances, no matter how violent, can any considerable disturbance arise from the conflict of its own opposing members. The impossibility of ever having been placed in a situation to bring this fact under the cognisance of our senses, is, no doubt, the reason why it has never before been noticed. On the shore or in the sea, no one has ever been present, independent of that material support, the absence of which is necessary to the success of the experiment; it is in the balloon alone, suspended in elastic ether, that such phenomenon could either have been verified or observed.

Night over Land.

The night having now completely closed in, and no prospect of any assistance from the moon to facilitate our researches, it was only by means of the lights, which, either singly or in masses, appeared spreading in every direction, that we could hope to take any account of the nature of the country we were traversing, or form any opinion of the towns or villages which were continually becoming subjected to our view.

The scene itself was one which exceeds description. The whole plane of the earth's surface, for many and many a league around, as far and farther than the eye distinctly could embrace, seemed absolutely teeming with the scattered fires of a watchful population, and exhibited a starry spectacle below that almost rivalled in brilliancy the remoter lustre of the concave firmament above. Incessantly during the earlier portion of the night, ere the vigilant inhabitants had finally retired to rest, large sources of light, betokening the presence of some more extensive community, would appear just looming above the distant horizon in the direction in which we were advancing, bearing at first no faint resemblance to the effect produced by some vast conflagration, when seen from such a distance as to preclude the minute investigation of its details. By degrees, as we drew nigh, this confused mass of illumination would appear to increase in intensity, extending itself over a larger portion of the earth, and assuming a distincter form and a more imposing appearance, until at length, having attained a position from whence we could more immediately direct our view, it would gradually resolve itself into its parts, and shooting out into streets, or spreading into squares, present us with the most perfect model of a town, diminished only in size, according to the elevation from which we happened at the time to observe it.

In this manner, did we traverse with rapid strides a large and interesting portion of the European continent; embracing within our horizon an immense succession of towns and villages, whereof those which occurred during the earlier part of the night, the presence of their artificial illumination alone enabled us to distinguish.

Among these latter, one in particular, both from its own superior attractions, the length of time it continued within our view, and the uninterrupted prospect which our position directly above it enabled us to command, captivated our attention, and elicited constant expressions of mingled admiration and surprise. Situated in the centre of a district which actually appeared to blaze with the innumerable fires wherewith it was studded in every direction to the full extent of all our visible horizon, it seemed to offer in itself,

and at one glance, an epitome of all those charms which we had been previously observing in detail. The perfect correctness with which every line of street was marked out by its particular line of fires; the forms and positions of the more important features of the city, the theatres and squares, the markets and public buildings, indicated by the presence of the larger and more irregular accumulation of lights, added to the faint murmur of a busy population still actively engaged in the pursuits of pleasure or the avocations of gain,—all together combined to form a picture, which, for singularity and effect, certainly could never have been before conceived. This was the city of Liege, remarkable from the extensive iron-works which, abounding in its neighbourhood, occasioned the peculiar appearance already described, and at the time led to that conjecture concerning its identity, the truth of which a subsequent inquiry enabled us to confirm.

This was the last spectacle of the kind which we were destined to enjoy. Scarcely had we completely cleared the town and the fiery region in which it was embosomed, ere an unbroken obscurity more profound than any we had yet experienced, involved us in its folds, and effectually excluded every terrestrial object from our view.

It was now past midnight, and the world and its inhabitants had finally committed themselves to repose. Every light was extinguished, and every sound hushed into silence; even the cheerful tones of the vigilant watch-dog, which had frequently contributed to enliven our course during the previous portion of the night, had now ceased; and darkness and tranquillity reigned paramount over the whole, adjacent surface of the globe.

From this period of our voyage until the dawning of the following day, the record of our adventures becomes tinged with the obscurity of night.

Alarming Incident.

To this intensity of cold, preceded by a long subjection to the action of a humid atmosphere, while floating at a lower elevation, is likewise to be attributed the occurrence of an incident, which, for the impression it is calculated to produce upon the minds of those who experience it for the first time, and in ignorance of its cause, merits particularly to be noticed.

It was about half-past three in the morning, when the balloon, having gained a sudden accession of power, owing to a discharge of ballast, which had taken place a few minutes before, while navigating too near the earth to be considered perfectly safe in a country, with the main features of which we were totally unacquainted, began to rise with considerable rapidity, and ere we had taken the customary means to check her ascent, had already attained an elevation of upwards of twelve thousand feet. At this moment, while all around is impenetrable darkness and stillness, and darkness most profound, an unusual explosion issues from the machine above, followed instantaneously by a violent rustling of the silk, and all the signs which may be supposed to accompany the bursting of the balloon, in a region where nothing but itself exists to give occasion to such awful and unnatural disturbance. In the same instant, the car, as if suddenly detached from its hold, becomes subjected to a violent concussion, and appears at once to be in the act of sinking with all its contents, into the dark abyss below. A second and a third explosion follow in quick succession, accompanied by a recurrence of the same astounding effects; leaving not a doubt upon the mind of the unconscious voyager of the fate which nothing now appears capable of averting. In a moment after, all is tranquil and secure; the balloon has recovered her usual form and stillness, and nothing appears to designate the unnatural agitation to which she has been so lately and unaccountably subjected. The occurrence of this phenomenon, however strange it may appear, is, nevertheless, susceptible of the simplest resolution, and consists in the tendency to enlargement from remotion of pressure which the balloon experiences in rising from a low to a higher position in the atmosphere, and the resistance to this enlargement occasioned by the net-work previously saturated with moisture, and subsequently congealed into the elliptical form which the dependent weight of the car obliges it to assume, whenever the shrunken capacity of the sphere it encompasses will admit of its longitudinal distension. As this resistance is occasioned by the intervention of a *non-elastic* medium, (the ice,) which has bound the meshes of the net-work in their contracted form, it is evident that the liberation occasioned by their disrupture will not take place until the internal pressure of the balloon has reached a certain amount, when *suddenly* that liberation is accomplished, attended by those collateral effects which we have already attempted to describe. The impression of the descent of the car in the above representation is evidently a false one; the car, so far from sinking, actually springs up; it is the unexpectedness of such a movement, and its apparent inconsistency with the laws of gravitation that occasions the delusion, the reality of which the concomitant circumstances essentially tend to confirm.

Extent of the Excursion.

Starting from London, and traversing the sea, which mere accident alone prevented

from forming a more important feature in our route, in the short space of eighteen hours, we performed a voyage, which, including only those deviations we have since been able to ascertain, rather exceeds than falls short of an extent of five hundred British miles.

It would be endless as well as useless, to enumerate all the places of name or notoriety, which a subsequent examination of the map, aided by the reports of our appearance at different stations by the way, showed us to have either passed over or approached at some period or other during this extraordinary peregrination. A considerable portion of five kingdoms, England, France, Belgium, Prussian Germany, and the Archduchy of Nassau; a long succession of cities, including London, Rochester, Canterbury, Dover, Calais, Cassel, Ypres, Courtray, Lille, Audenaerde, Ath, Brussels, with the renowned fields of Waterloo and Genappe, Namur, Liege, Spa, Malmedy, Coblentz, and a whole host of intermediary villages of minor note, were all brought within the compass of our horizon, which our superior elevation and various aberrations enabled us to extend far beyond what might be expected from a mere consideration of the line connecting the two extremities of our route. 24

The Public Journals.

PUBLIC LIFE OF MR. TULRUMBLE, ONCE MAYOR OF MUDFOG.

[The following is an average specimen of the good things of *Mr. Bentley's Miscellany*, edited by *Boz*, and illustrated by *Cruikshank*. It promises a fund of entertainment by the wits of the day, and has our heartiest wishes for success.]

Mudfog is a pleasant town—a remarkably pleasant town—situated in a charming hollow by the side of a river, from which river, Mudfog derives an agreeable scent of pitch, tar, coals, and rope-yarn, a roving population in oil-skin hats, a pretty steady influx of drunken bargemen, and a great many other maritime advantages. There is a good deal of water about Mudfog, and yet it is not exactly the sort of town for a watering-place, either. Water is a perverse sort of element at the best of times, and in Mudfog it is particularly so. In winter, it comes oozing down the streets and tumbling over the fields,—nay, rushes into the very cellars and kitchens of the houses, with a lavish prodigality that might well be dispensed with; but in the hot summer weather it *will* dry up, and turn green: and, although green is a very good colour in its way, especially in grass, still it certainly is not becoming to water; and it cannot be denied that the beauty of Mudfog is rather impaired, even by this trifling circumstance. Mudfog is a healthy place—very healthy;—damp, perhaps, but none the worse for that. It's quite a mistake to suppose that damp is unwholesome: plants thrive best in damp situations, and why shouldn't men? The inhabitants of Mudfog are unanimous in asserting that there exists not a finer race of people on the face of the earth; here we have an indisputable and veracious contradiction of the vulgar error at once. So, admitting Mudfog to be damp, we distinctly state that it is salubrious.

The town of Mudfog is extremely picturesque. Limehouse and Ratcliffe Highway are both something like it, but they give you a very faint idea of Mudfog. There are a great many more public-houses in Mudfog,—more than in Ratcliffe Highway and Limehouse put together. The public buildings, too, are very imposing. We consider the Town-hall one of the finest specimens of shed architecture extant: it is a combination of the pig-sty and tea-garden-box orders; and the simplicity of its design is of surpassing beauty. The idea of placing a large window on one side of the door, and a small one on the other, is particularly happy. There is a fine, bold, Doric beauty, too, about the padlock and scraper, which is strictly in keeping with the general effect.

In this room do the mayor and corporation of Mudfog assemble together in solemn council for the public weal. Seated on the massive wooden benches, which, with the table in the centre, form the only furniture of the whitewashed apartment, the sage men of Mudfog spend hour after hour in grave deliberation. Here they settle at what hour of the night the public-houses shall be closed, at what hour of the morning they shall be permitted to open, how soon it shall be lawful for people to eat their dinner on church-days, and other great political questions; and sometimes, long after silence has fallen on the town, and the distant lights from the shops and houses have ceased to twinkle, like far-off stars, to the sight of the boatmen on the river, the illumination in the two unequal-sized windows of the town-hall, warns the inhabitants of Mudfog that its little body of legislators, like a larger and better-known body of the same genus, a great deal more noisy, and not a whit more profound, are patriotically dozing away in company, far into the night, for their country's good.

Among this knot of sage and learned men, no one was so eminently distinguished, during many years, for the quiet modesty of his appearance and demeanour, as Nicholas Tulrumble, the well-known coal-dealer. However exciting the subject of discussion, however animated the tone of the debate, or however warm the personalities exchanged, (and even in Mudfog we get personal some-

times,) Nicholas Tulrumble was always the same. To say truth, Nicholas, being an industrious man, and always up betimes, was apt to fall asleep when a debate began, and to remain asleep till it was over, when he would wake up very much refreshed, and give his vote with the greatest complacency. The fact was, that Nicholas Tulrumble, knowing that everybody there, had made up his mind beforehand, considered the talking as just a long botheration about nothing at all; and to the present hour it remains a question, whether, on this point at all events, Nicholas Tulrumble was not pretty near right.

Time, which strews a man's head with silver, sometimes fills his pockets with gold. As he gradually performed one good office for Nicholas Tulrumble, he was obliging enough not to omit the other. Nicholas began life in a wooden tenement of four feet square, with a capital of two-and-ninepence, and a stock in trade of three bushels and a-half of coals, exclusive of the large lump which hung, by way of sign-board, outside. Then he enlarged the shed, and kept a truck; then he left the shed and the truck too, and started a donkey and a Mrs. Tulrumble; then he moved again and set up a cart; the cart was soon afterwards exchanged for a wagon; and so he went on, like his great predecessor Whittington—only without a cat for a partner—increasing in wealth and fame, until at last he gave up business altogether, and retired with Mrs. Tulrumble and family to Mudfog Hall, which he had himself erected, on something which he endeavoured to delude himself into the belief was a hill, about a quarter of a mile distant from the town of Mudfog.

About this time, it began to be murmured in Mudfog that Nicholas Tulrumble was growing vain and haughty; that prosperity and success had corrupted the simplicity of his manners, and tainted the natural goodness of his heart; in short, that he was setting up for a public character, and a great gentleman, and affected to look down upon his old companions with compassion and contempt. Whether these reports were at the time well-founded, or not, certain it is that Mrs. Tulrumble very shortly afterwards started a four-wheel chaise, driven by a tall postilion in a yellow cap,—that Mr. Tulrumble, junior, took to smoking cigars, and calling the footman a "feller,"—and that Mr. Tulrumble from that time forth, was no more seen in his old seat in the chimney-corner of the Lighterman's Arms at night. This looked bad; but, more than this, it began to be observed that Mr. Nicholas Tulrumble attended the corporation meetings more frequently than heretofore; that he no longer went to sleep as he had done for so many years, but propped his eyelids open with his two fore-fingers; that he read the newspapers by himself at home; and that he was in the habit of indulging abroad in distant and mysterious allusions to "masses of people," and "the property of the country," and "productive power," and "the monied interest:" all of which denoted and proved that Nicholas Tulrumble was either mad, or worse; and it puzzled the good people of Mudfog amazingly.

At length, about the middle of the month of October, Mr. Tulrumble and family went up to London; the middle of October being, as Mrs. Tulrumble informed her acquaintance in Mudfog, the very height of the fashionable season.

Somehow or other, just about this time, despite the health-preserving air of Mudfog, the Mayor died. It was a most extraordinary circumstance; he had lived in Mudfog for eighty-five years. The corporation didn't understand it at all; indeed it was with great difficulty that one old gentleman, who was a great stickler for forms, was dissuaded from proposing a vote of censure on such unaccountable conduct. Strange as it was, however, die he did, without taking the slightest notice of the corporation; and the corporation were imperatively called upon to elect his successor. So, they met for the purpose; and being very full of Nicholas Tulrumble just then, and Nicholas Tulrumble being a very important man, they elected him, and wrote off to London by the very next post to acquaint Nicholas Tulrumble with his new elevation.

[Tulrumble gets up a *show, more Londinii*, and plays many fantastic tricks during his brief reign.]

He contracted a relish for statistics, and got philosophical; and the statistics and the philosophy together, led him into an act which increased his unpopularity and hastened his downfall.

At the very end of the Mudfog High-street, and abutting on the river-side, stands the Jolly Boatmen, an old-fashioned, low-roofed, bay-windowed house, with a bar, kitchen, and tap-room all in one, and a large fire-place with a kettle to correspond, round which the working men have congregated time out of mind on a winter's night, refreshed by draughts of good, strong beer, and cheered by the sounds of a fiddle and tambourine; the Jolly Boatmen having been duly licensed by the mayor and corporation, to scrape the fiddle and thumb the tambourine from time, whereof the memory of the oldest inhabitants goeth not to the contrary. Now Nicholas Tulrumble had been reading pamphlets on crime, and parliamentary reports,—or had made the secretary read them to him, which is the same thing in effect,—and he at once perceived that this fiddle and tambourine must have done more to demoralise Mudfog,

than any other operating causes that ingenuity could imagine. So he read up for the subject, and determined to come out on the corporation with a burst, the very next time the license was applied for.

The licensing day came, and the red-faced landlord of the Jolly Boatmen walked into the town-hall, looking as jolly as need be, having actually put on an extra fiddle for that night, to commemorate the anniversary of the Jolly Boatmen's music license. It was applied for in due form, and was just about to be granted as a matter of course, when up rose Nicholas Tulrumble, and drowned the astonished corporation in a torrent of eloquence. He descanted in glowing terms upon the increasing depravity of his native town of Mudfog, and the excesses committed by its population. Then, he related how shocked he had been, to see barrels of beer sliding down into the cellar of the Jolly Boatmen week after week; and how he had sat at a window opposite the Jolly Boatmen for two days together, to count the people who went in for beer between the hours of twelve and one o'clock alone—which, by-the-by, was the time at which the great majority of the Mudfog people dined. Then, he went on to state, how the number of people who came out with beer-jugs, averaged twenty-one in five minutes, which, being multiplied by twelve, gave two hundred and fifty-two people with beer-jugs in an hour, and multiplied again by fifteen (the number of hours during which the house was open daily), yielded three thousand seven hundred and eighty people with beer-jugs per day, or twenty-six thousand four hundred and sixty people with beer-jugs, per week. Then he proceeded to show that a tambourine and moral degradation were synonymous terms, and a fiddle and vicious propensities wholly inseparable. All these arguments he strengthened and demonstrated by frequent references to a large book with a blue cover, and sundry quotations from the Middlesex magistrates; and in the end, the corporation, who were posed with the figures, and sleepy with the speech, and sadly in want of dinner into the bargain, yielded the palm to Nicholas Tulrumble, and refused the music license to the Jolly Boatmen.

But although Nicholas triumphed, his triumph was short. He carried on the war against beer-jugs and fiddles, forgetting the time when he was glad to drink out of the one, and to dance to the other, till the people hated, and his old friends shunned him. He grew tired of the lonely magnificence of Mudfog Hall, and his heart yearned towards the Lighterman's Arms. He wished he had never set up as a public man, and sighed for the good old times of the coal-shop, and the chimney-corner.

At length old Nicholas, being thoroughly miserable, took heart of grace, paid the secretary a quarter's wages in advance, and packed him off to London by the next coach. Having taken this step, he put his hat on his head, and his pride in his pocket, and walked down to the old room at the Lighterman's Arms. There were only two of the old fellows there, and they looked coldly on Nicholas as he proffered his hand.

"Are you going to put down pipes, Mr. Tulrumble?" said one.

"Or trace the progress of crime to 'baccer?" growled the other.

"Neither," replied Nicholas Tulrumble, shaking hands with them both, whether they would or not. "I've come down to say that I'm very sorry for having made a fool of myself and that I hope you'll give me up the old chair again."

The old fellows opened their eyes, and three or four more old fellows opened the door, to whom Nicholas, with tears in his eyes, thrust out his hand too, and told the same story. They raised a shout of joy, that made the bells in the ancient church-tower vibrate again, and, wheeling the old chair into the warm corner, thrust old Nicholas down into it, and ordered in the very largest-sized bowl of hot punch, with an unlimited number of pipes, directly.

The next day, the Jolly Boatmen got the license, and the next night, old Nicholas and Ned Twigger's wife led off a dance to the music of the fiddle and tambourine, the tone of which seemed mightily improved by a little rest, for they never had played so merrily before. Ned Twigger was in the very height of his glory, and he danced hornpipes, and balanced chairs on his chin, and straws on his nose, till the whole company, including the corporation, were in raptures of admiration at the brilliancy of his acquirements.

Mr. Tulrumble, junior, couldn't make up his mind to be any thing but magnificent, so he went up to London, and drew bills on his father; and when he had overdrawn, and got into debt, he grew penitent, and came home again.

As to old Nicholas, he kept his word, and having had six weeks of public life, never tried it any more. He went to sleep in the town-hall at the very next meeting; and, in full proof of his sincerity, has requested us to write this faithful narrative. We wish it could have the effect of reminding the Tulrumbles of another sphere, that puffed-up conceit is not dignity, and that snarling at the little pleasures they were once glad to enjoy, because they would rather forget the times when they were of lower station, renders them objects of contempt and ridicule.

This is the first time we have published any of our gleanings from this particular source. Perhaps, at some future period, we

may venture to open the chronicles of Mudfog. Boz.

The Gatherer.

Good News.—The Worshipful Company of Parish Clerks tell us that the Christenings within the City of London and Bills of Mortality, in 1836, have been 26,253: Burials, 18,229: decrease in the Burials reported this year, 3,186.

Origin of the Royal Society of Musicians.—Near the beginning of last century, an eminent German oboist, named Kaitch, came to England, where his performance was for a long time in great request; but, being of improvident habits, he died in great poverty, leaving his family destitute. Soon afterwards, Festing, the famous violinist of that day, with Weidemann the flute-player, and Vincent the oboist, happened to observe two interesting little boys, who had an appearance above their condition, driving milch-asses down the Haymarket; and found, on inquiry, that they were the orphan sons of poor Kaitch. Struck with pity for the children of their brother professor, these musicians instantly raised a subscription for their relief; and it was to the consideration, suggested by this circumstance, of the necessity of establishing a fund for the benefit of the families of indigent musicians, that the profession owes the existence of "The Royal Society of Musicians," which excellent and most useful institution was founded in the year 1738.—*Musical World.*

Miniature.—Monsieur Averani, a young French artist at Florence, (says Mr. Gordon,) had extraordinary talent for copying miniatures, giving them all the force of oil. I had frequently seen him at work in the gallery; and I purchased a clever copy of the Fornarina of Raphael, and one from the Venus Vesita of Titian, in the Pitti palace, said to be the only miniature painted by this great man: it had a good deal of the character of Queen Mary Stuart, was painted on a gold ground, had great force, and was highly finished. I gave the artist his price, six sequins, and brought it to England. When I disposed of my *verfu*, in Sloane-street, previous to my settling in Scotland, this miniature made a flaming appearance in the catalogue. The gem was bought by a gentleman for fifty-five guineas. I thought I had done very well by this transaction, until I saw it advertised in the *Morning Chronicle*, stating, "that an original portrait of Mary, Queen of Scotland, the undoubted work of Titian, value one thousand guineas, was to be seen at No. 14, Pall Mall; price of admission, two shillings and sixpence." The bait took; the owner put three or four hundred pounds in his pocket by the exhibition, and sold the portrait for seven or eight hundred pounds. Here was I, an innocent accessory to the greatest imposition that was ever practised on the public. As a work of art, it was worth all I got for it; and I was offered nearly that sum by a friend who knew its whole history. I understood that a nobleman was the purchaser of this beautiful miniature. W. G. C.

Royalty Puzzled.—William and his followers landed at Torbay, on Nov. 5, 1658. A Mr. John Duke, (of Otterton,) a man of wealth and influence in Sidmouth, joined the hero on his arrival: being presented to the King, who asked him for his name, he replied, with a timid hesitation, "John Duke of Otterton." The prince expressed his surprise, and taking a list of the nobility from his pocket, which he had been led to suppose was correct, looked over it, and then declared that no such duke was to be found there! The gentleman, however, soon rectified the mistake, by repeating his name with an accelerated pronunciation — John Duke, of Otterton. The mistake being thus corrected, William smiled at it, and embraced John Duke with joy.

Porcelain.—The pink colour which ornaments the English porcelain has been hitherto unknown in France, and when required in that country was always bought here. M. Malagatti, of the manufactory of Sèvres, has analyzed this colour, till he is now able to compose it. In the course of his experiments, he discovered another colour, similar to crimson lake, which is much more durable than any derived from the animal kingdom, and which may be advantageously employed in oil painting.—*Athenæum.*

A large Fly. — An English gentleman wrote over to a foreign entomologist, to inform him of the death of a friend, caused by being knocked down by a fly. The entomologist upon reading the letter, remarked that the unfortunate gentleman must have been exceedingly small, or else the English flies must be exceedingly large, and of a species quite unknown to him. J. H. F.

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